The Universalist Leader

A Journal of Tomorrow

Boston February 25, 1922 Chicago

George Landor Perin
1854–1921

Universalism, the Inevitable Religion of Tomorrow

The Universalist Leader

Continuing the CHRISTIAN LEADER and its predecessors (1819-1897), the UNIVERSALIST and its predecessors (1827 to 1897), and the GOSPEL BANNER (1835 to 1897).

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THE UNIVERSALIST LEADER is published every Saturday at Two Dollars a year.

ENTERED as second class matter at the post office at Boston, Mass. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 8, 1918.

POSTAGE prepaid in the United States and Canada Receipt of subscription is indicated by change of date on the address label. Unless notice to discontinue is received it will be assumed that the subscriber wishes his name to remain on the list.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS—When a change of address is ordered, both the old and the new address must be given.

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Advertising Rates: Twenty cents per agate line; $2.40 per inch for a single insertion. Contract rates on application.

Universalist Publishing House

HAROLD MARSHALL, Manager

176 NEWBURY STREET, BOSTON

DORCHESTER AVE. & 37TH ST., CHICAGO

Μιγμα

Statesmen like Viscount Grey are making a grave mistake in trying to discredit the Genoa Conference in the interest of the League of Nations. They are showing more solicitude for the League as an institution than they are for the objects which the League was intended to serve. (*New Republic.*)

υ λ

"Please try to understand France. She has suffered more than any country, even than Germany," said a German pacifist, Fraulein Martha Steinitz, to a crowded audience of British conscientious objectors at Memorial Hall, London. . . . She thanked the Allied Powers for the gift of the Treaty of Versailles, one of the most blessed gifts Germany had ever received, for it reduced the German army to 100,000 men. The only complaint she had was that it left them any army at all. After describing the demoralizing effect of conscription on pre-war Germany, she went on to quote an article from the new German Constitution which prescribes that "every child must be brought up in a spirit of international conciliation." This goes, perhaps, to show that the German people can train for pacifism with German thoroughness. (*Manchester Guardian.*)

υ λ

If there is anything which the people demand with all the sincerity and earnestness of which they are capable, no matter what it shall cost, it is that the disabled soldier must be cared for, put on his feet, or made physically comfortable and easy in his mind for life. (*President Harding.*)

υ λ

The expulsion of a young Oxford undergraduate and the temporary rustication of another for publishing a Communist Journal has provoked a great deal of discussion, in which the university authorities have come in for considerable criticism. The *Spectator* considers that the university has made an unhappy mistake: "Nothing is more hopeless than to attempt to teach people who never challenge anything, but only learn by rote. Whether repression of ideas can ever be right may be an arguable matter, but certainly the last place for such repression is a university. (*Living Age.*)

υ λ

I believe that the American mind and the American spirit, the American judgment upon the great issues of the world, if working freely and being applied daringly and rightly can be the greatest force in the restoration of peace in the world and especially the restoration of the rest of Europe. (*S. K. Ratcliffe.*)

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THE Universalist Leader

Two Dollars a Year | 104th Year | New Series | Vol. XXV | No. 8

ESSENTIAL PRINCIPLES OF THE UNIVERSALIST FAITH

1. The Universal Fatherhood of God.
2. The Spiritual Authority and leadership of His Son, Jesus Christ.
3. The trustworthiness of the Bible as containing a revelation from God.
4. The certainty of just retribution for sin.
5. The final harmony of all souls with God.

Neither this nor any other precise form of words is required as a condition of fellowship, provided the abo e principles be professed.

Editorial

A little talk is as yeast to the evil report.

* *

The shadow of a man is oft bigger than the man.

* *

A single step may begin a journey round the world.

* *

A great man trying to be funny is like unto a whale in shallow water.

* *

The yielding sapling endures the tempest in which the stubborn tree perishes.

* *

The good men do is whispered in the ear, the evil is shouted through the megaphone.

* *

One may become evil-minded in an hour, but a righteous character is the fruit of years.

* *

There are many who spend so much time trying to find out the way to do a thing that they never do it.

* *

The man of many paths will miss the goal which is reached by the man of one path, though the one be long and rocky.

* *

The great white way invites the idle feet and shallow brain, while wisdom and industry seek the shaded by-path of achievement.

* *

Because the wicked prosper and have abundance of wealth, it is no sure sign that they know happiness; and yet they may if they have gathered sense with their dollars.

* *

There once was a frog in the bottom of a well, and he discoursed loudly on the terrible conditions in the world above, and all the time a little bird was singing joyfully in the sunshine.

* *

The Slaves of Luck

Would there were some dominant nature who would say to those who are courting luck for a life companion: Quit it, and quit it now! And understand there is no chance, no luck, in the calculations of God. He often lets us do as we choose when it seems the only lesson we have the sense to understand. If we want to run out and get our feet wet and "catch our death," and be borne away to finish our career in the other world, He will probably let us, for He can wait a good deal better than we can. He does not have to take a chance, for He knows just what is coming in the ultimate and can wait. But the trouble with most of us is that we do not want to wait; we therefore gamble to get rich quick, get wise quick, get well quick, we try our luck and take a chance. In a luck-ruled universe it is possible to beat natural conditions, but in a God-ruled universe we shall get exactly what is our due; law and order will prevail and luck is taboo.

And God Said, Let Us Make Man Happy

And He did, but man has sought out many inventions to defeat the purpose of the Creator! It is either a misfortune, a disease or a crime for a person to be unhappy in this beautiful world. Most of us think we have been happy sometime in the past, or are going to be happy sometime in the future, but few are really happy now. Or most of us think we would be happy if we had the wealth and wisdom and social position of others, which reveals not only our desire, but our ignorance, for it is not unlikely that while we are envying them they are envying us. There are some thorns in their path, and there are some roses in ours, even if we do not catch their fragrance. To be happy we need to be intelligently content with what we have. And there is enough in this glorious life, filled full with the treasures of God. But we veil our eyes and say there is nothing to see; we stop our ears and cry there is nothing to hear; we clinch our hands and say nothing comes into them; we harden our heart and say we can not feel the throbbing of the heart of man and God. And yet in the beginning and all along the way God said, "Let us make man happy."

Come On

There is something exhilarating to us in ordering the other fellow to "go on," especially if he happens to be the unfortunate one we have elected to office! But there is greater exhilaration to ourselves, and far more inspiration to the others, if we say, and mean what we say, "Come on!"—and then go somewhere and do something. People are sure to follow where we lead if our leading is worthy. The clerk in the store is no good until he begins to say "we" in his dealing with customers. It has been our fault as a Church to

delegate about everything to some one else and then think the work is already done, to "resolute" eloquently and shirk successfully! We are all in this great campaign for an enlarged and efficient Church through which to make our contribution to humanity's good, and we must all be among the doers; our officers, however wise and good, can not do much alone. They may cry "Come on," but the call will not reach our people unless every minister filled with the spirit cries to his own people, "Come on," and then leads them on the way.

* *

WHAT WILL THEY SAY?

A STRANGER forms his opinion of a church mainly by his first impression.

If the sermon helps him, if the people in the congregation welcome him, if the whole service of worship strengthens him, he will carry the good news to others.

If the sermon does not interest him, if the members of the parish are not present in the congregation, if many pews are empty, and if the few who are there do not extend a welcome to the stranger, he will carry the sad tidings to others.

Ours is a Universalist Church for all that the name stands for. We are determined to make it a World Church for world service. We are interesting thousands of people in our gospel. Strangers are coming to our Church.

What will their message be when they tell their friends about us?

* *

THE WASHINGTON CONFERENCE

IT is obvious that the Washington Conference has disappointed both its enemies and its friends.

Those who belong to the world order that was before 1914, are rightly alarmed at the way their most sacred traditions and holiest shibboleths have been disregarded. Those who seek another and a better world order whose builder and founder is God, find that no wizardry of words or alchemy of organization can transform human nature over night.

It is too soon by decades at least finally to appraise the Conference, but certain comparisons may be suggested. In a little more than a hundred years there have been three great post war conferences. Vienna, dominated by Metternich, reorganized Europe after the Napoleonic wars. Berlin, dominated by Bismarck, gave definite form to the changes that began with the Crimean War, grew through the unification of Italy and culminated in the triumph of Prussia after Sedan and the bargain with English Toryism represented by Disraeli after the Russo-Turkish War.

Now if the reader will think of Versailles, and Washington, and Cannes, and Genoa, and others not yet named, as separate sessions of a continuing conference, and contrast this with Vienna and Berlin, certain startlingly hopeful differences will be apparent. Vienna concerned itself only with the restoration of medieval privilege and the suppression of democracy. Berlin divided the economic looting of three continents between Essen and Hamburg on the one hand and Manchester and Liverpool on the other. In both there were principals but no principles. Truth and Justice were not in the vocabulary of any of those concerned. Nor was there a consciousness of any possible basis for a world order except force.

To realize this is to feel how far we have moved forward into a new and better way of thinking and feeling. The idealism of Woodrow Wilson, the generosity of Charles Evan Hughes, the world wide insistence that a way must be found to organize the world for peace instead of war, all mean that we are entered upon an age foretold of prophets and dreamers in all the ages, when men shall dwell together in unity because the earth is growingly full of the knowledge of God.

* *

PECULIAR PEOPLE

ALL people who amount to anything are more or less peculiar, that is, they may be good or bad, but they are not neutral! They are the people who depart from the conventional and the commonplace, and as soon as they do that, they are observed and usually criticised because they are different.

When we speak of a man as being a bit peculiar, there is the implication that he is not "quite right!" But as a matter of fact the world has emerged from social, economic and religous darkness into the light of truth and sanity through the peculiarities of people and events which in finding expression have changed world conditions.

In our daily walks when we find some of our friends supporting a new party, or advocating some new cult, or joining some new church, we say under our breath, with a hush of sorrow as if they had some dreadful disease, "They are a bit peculiar." But it is interesting to note how these peculiarities have reshaped life.

It is a veritable romance, the way in which the visionaries, so called, have transformed the mechanical world and made darkness light. Such men as Elias Howe and Alexander Graham Bell—they had an idea, and stuck to it. People laughed at them; if they were polite, they called them peculiar, if not so polite they called them crazy. But all the time those men were lifting the community up out of darkess into light.

In the religious development of man the dominance of the peculiar is striking, all the way down from Jesus of Nazareth to the humble preacher in the backwoods. And some of the torches of these leaders shine with wonderful brilliancy. Martin Luther was held a prisoner in Wartburg Castle, because he was peculiar. John Wesley suffered all sorts of hardships, because he was peculiar, and John Murray was stoned in cultured Boston, because he was peculiar. But it was these men who swung the world up out of darkness into light.

The Church of to-day has need of some peculiar preachers, not crank preachers, but peculiar preachers, who can get hold of an idea worth sticking to, and stick to it, and work for it, and sacrifice for it.

The glory, not the shame, of our Church is that it is peculiar. It stands for something different and better, and our danger is only in our falling into the deadly conformity which stunts growth.

Far better to be peculiar than to be dead!

George Landor Perin

Memorial Service at the Franklin Square House

ON Sunday evening, Feb. 5, a Memorial Service was held for Dr. Perin at the Franklin Square House, Boston. This brought together not only the residents of this noble institution which, in the course of its history, has sheltered over eighty thousand girls, but members of the corporation and many other devoted friends. Mr. J. Porter Russell, who has been elected successor to Dr. Perin as president of the Franklin Square House, presided.

Music was furnished by residents of the House under the leadership of Miss Genevieve Lee, organist. Mr. Russell spoke substantially as follows:

Dr. Perin was a man of great love. He loved humanity, human kind, his friends and his home. His broad contact and intimate experience with people, their problems, their joys and their sorrows, had given him an insight into the soul and the heart and the mind of his fellow beings that touched his sense of human sympathy.

He was a man who not only loved others but who himself craved affection. As one grows older and the strength begins to crumble, one's traits, be they good or evil, become more transparent. On one of my latest calls upon the Doctor I was delighted to get a spark from his inmost soul. I asked him, "Doctor, what can I say to you that will make you happy?" and he said, "Tell me you love me."

He had a faith, a faith in the eternal verities, a faith in the power and goodness of God. He believed that in God's great economy there is no ultimate failure, he believed that which ought to be done can be done.

He had a faith in his fellow men, and that if they could be made to sense the righteousness of any great appeal their response would be complete. That faith gave him a courage which was indomitable, a strength and a confidence which were the basis of his great achievement.

Mr. Schirmer paid a tribute from the Trustees:

When I think of what Dr. Perin has accomplished, starting this establishment years ago, purchasing this enormous building with but one or two thousand dollars; fitting it up for a home for the working girl and student; raising whatever he could for the good cause; realizing what and how it grew from time to time until to-day we have a wonderful monument—it surely has been an inspiration to me. It has given me a lesson which has been of great value to me.

He was a man whom everybody loved. I had the good fortune to know him exceedingly well.

I doubt if many of us can realize what it means to a man to run an institution of this kind, to keep it running smoothly and to settle all the hard problems that come up every day. There were many of them, but he tackled them and made a success of it, and to-day he has a living monument, a loving tribute, that will last many years after we have all joined him, and will tell a story of his wonderful work.

Miss Bertha MacLean spoke in part as follows, on behalf of the girls in Dr. Perin's big family:

I heard a sermon last Sunday on the words, "Old men dream dreams, and our young men see visions; and if these dreams and visions are of a high and noble character they come from God." I think Dr. Perin must have had visions of this kind when he was a young man. He must have had a vision of something very like the Franklin Square House in his mind long before it materialized, else he would not have been able to grasp his opportunity when this building went into the market; and while with all faith and optimism he seized this opportunity, it is not unlikely that the hearts of the men and women whom he had interested in this work sank when they realized the stupendous undertaking. Leaders along new lines are always criticised, often misunderstood, and it is possible that Dr. Perin had much of this to meet; but some through him saw the vision, others were willing to follow, and to these people, who perhaps sensed the project with not so optimistic a view, great thanks are due for their faith and generosity.

In closing, Mrs. Mabel S. Worcester, Hostess, spoke in part as follows:

It is not of the life and deeds of Dr. Perin that I would speak, but it is of Dr. Perin, the *man!* The man who loved and was loved. The man who spared not himself, nor those dearest to him, in his service to humanity! The man who seldom failed to see another fellow's point of view, and whose judgment was seasoned with sweet charity! The man who, in the midst of the vigor of his service to the world at large, was ever tender, kind and loving in his home. This is the man whom we all loved!

To us, Dr. Perin, of course, means the Franklin Square House, but at the time he started his wonderful venture, he was not only the pastor of the Every-Day Church, in the ordinary sense of pastor, but, among its many activities, he was running, in connection with it, a Day Nursery, a Children's Outing Club, a Flower Mission, a Free Legal Bureau and many other activities. And in and through all those ventures, from boyhood on, he has been credited with courage, inspiration, and brain energy, together with a rare union of tenderness and power; all of which he brought to bear upon his undertakings. And added to all these, there was fidelity and hope and the great love within his heart which was prophetic of the humanitarian work he has accomplished.

A life long friend has paid his tribute in these words: "Dr. Perin has had the rare privilege of acting as mediator between God and man. He has reached up and laid hold of the hand of God, he has reached down and seized the hand of needy men. Into the hand of God he has placed the hands of men." This man was just determined to help, to reach out, to make lighter the burdens of people, to make shadows less deep, to bring in the light and love of the blessings of God—and so he achieved.

One of the mottoes of his life has been, "A union of those who love in the service of those who suffer." And to us—his girls—he gave the motto, "Your title to Honor—Service!" Will he not live in our minds and souls as an inspiration and power, even as he has lived in the hearts of those life long friends, who agree that "the world is so much better for Dr. Perin having lived?" "A great man greatly loved has gone from us." "His was a life of service, as was the life of Christ." "Living he wrought mightily, and dying he leaves works that will live after him." "Everybody loved him." "There are thousands of parents in all parts of this

country whose load of worry has been lifted through his years of unselfish efforts in behalf of their daughters living far from home. His work will be an inspiration for others to go and do likewise." To remember his life of love and service will steady our faith in human beings when that faith falters. "He was one in a thousand. Such men should live forever! Aye, and who shall say he will not!"

During the stress and trial of great business undertakings, even when his health was slipping away, he came among us with the smile and freshness and the upspringing hopes of youth, winning our love. Do we not know him a wee bit better for the things we have said? But we are not mourning for our Dr. Perin! We must not speak of him with tears in our eyes! We are lonely without him, yes, we shall miss his genial smile, his warm handshake, his words of cheer, his optimism, his good fun! But his counsel—his advice, his inspiration, are ours to-day, real living attributes of the great man. And there is left us still a living spirit in that loving, faithful wife, whose devotion and optimism, linked with his, kept him with us longer by far than skilled physicians, his dear children and his dearest friends had dared to hope. "Dear little mother—the best ever!" How often have we heard him call her that, and midst all his problems and activities he claimed her as his "strong right arm." Yes, he truly was a great, good man, and she helped to make him so! Her faith in him was even as his faith in God, and hand in hand they walked along the sun-lit path of love.

The service closed by the reading of a prayer which Dr. Perin wrote some years ago:

Our Heavenly Father, before we turn out the lights we would pause for a moment to review the day. We have wanted to be true for the sake of those who have trusted us. We have tried to be pure for the sake of those who care. In the face of weakness and cowardice, we have tried to be strong and brave. We have tried to extend the hand of friendship to all the friendless, to give where the gift was needed. To-night we would make no boast of our achievement but simply ask that Thou wouldst bless the day. If we failed, let us not be discouraged, but make us ready to go forth into another day prepared to look up, and love, and lift. Amen.

The Funeral Service*

On Dec. 24, 1921, a great company of people assembled at Beacon Universalist Church, Brookline, to attend the funeral services of George Landor Perin, who throughout his long ministerial career was one of the outstanding figures of the Universalist denomination and in the later years of his life one of the foremost philanthropists in the city of Boston, as founder and president of the Franklin Square House, widely known throughout the whole country as "The House that Love Built."

The pallbearers were Dr. Perin's own sons and sons-in-law and a nephew—Donald Wise Perin, Ellwood Tenney Perin, George Landor Perin, Jr., Earl A. Ross, J. Warren Barker, and Harry S. Powers. The honorary pallbearers were men of distinction in the Universalist denomination and in the philanthropical, literary and educational life of Boston—Fred M. Lamson, Frank A. Schirmer, J. L. Grandin, Frank A. Dewick, Denis McCarthy, John A. Cousens, James A. Neal, and Walter Humphries.

Music was furnished by E. Russell Sanborn, organist, and H. Nelson Raymond, soloist, intimate personal friends of Dr. Perin. Thirty girls from the Franklin Square House sang "The House that Love Built." The services were in charge of the Rev. Charles Conklin, D. D., pastor of the church and an associate with Dr. Perin in the religious work of the denomination since their school days together in 1875-76. The solemn sentences of the processional were received by the audience standing as the casket was borne to the altar on the shoulders of the bearers.

The scripture lesson was appropriately descriptive of one who had given his life to the uplift of mankind and who deserved to be remembered with reverent gratitude in days to come. The prayer of Dr. Conklin was full of comfort to the beloved and loving ones present. Addresses were delivered by Dr. Conklin, Dr. Charles R. Tenney, Mr. J. Porter Russell, of the trustees of the Franklin Square House, and Dr. Frank O. Hall. Floral tributes of great beauty and in great numbers covered the platform, softening the occasion with their suggestions of love and immortality.

Although the life of Dr. Perin is a familiar story to the readers of the *Leader*, it might be well to insert the following facts in regard to his personal history. He was born in Newton, Jasper County, Iowa, July 31, 1854, the son of Caleb and Mary J. Perin. He divided his early days between studying in the district school and working on the farm. When he was sixteen years of age, his father made the trip to Oregon, a distance of 2000 miles, in a prairie schooner, and there the son again divided his time between attending the district school and the farm. He attended the college preparatory school at Salem, Oregon, and in the spring of 1875 he started for Canton, N. Y., from which he was graduated in 1878. He was pastor for two years at Bainbridge, Ohio, and then at Bryan, Ohio, where he remained about two years and a half. In 1882 he was called to the Shawmut Universalist Church of Boston. He remained in this church seven years, when the denomination sent him to Japan to be its first foreign missionary. He accomplished a great work there in the establishment of their cause.

Dr. Perin returned to America in May, 1894, developing the old Shawmut Church into a modern institutional church, the Every-day Church. So great was his faith in the generous hearts of people, that he was chosen by the Universalist denomination to raise $100,000 for its Twentieth Century Fund, which task he accomplished. Later on he established the Franklin Square House. Dr. Perin was a trustee of the New England Conversatory of Music, Dean Academy, Curry School of Expression, Mount Pleasant Home, and the Temporary Home for Working Men. He was for several years a member of the Brookline School Committee and editor of the *Brookline Townsman*. He was also the author of several books. He was prelate of Boston Commandery of Knights Templars for twenty years, and prelate of the Grand Commandery for three years, also, a member of the Puddingstone and Twentieth Century Clubs.

*The necessity of reducing the size of the *Leader* during the weeks of moving and settling in the new home compelled the omission of a report of the funeral services and of the memorial service at the Beacon Church, there being room only for Dr. Conklin's address.

Memorial Service in Beacon Church

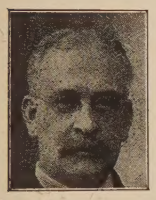
On Sunday, Jan. 1, the thirty-ninth anniversary of Dr. Perin's settlement in Boston, a memorial service was held at Beacon Church which was attended by a very large congregation. The memorial tribute by Dr. Conklin was published in the *Leader* of Jan. 7. At the close of Dr. Conklin's remarks telegrams were read from Dr. Richard E. Sykes, president of St. Lawrence University, Dr. Marion D. Shutter of Minneapolis, B. Mitsui of Japan and New York City, and Dr. C. Ellwood Nash of Los Angeles. The telegram from Dr. Nash was as follows:

> A mighty man has fallen. I can not think of him except in terms of eminence. No single star could symbolize him. Only a constellation could figure the extraordinary assemblage in him of high qualities. He was great in vision, in conception, in planning, in organizing, in campaigning, in executing; great in straight driving force, great in tact and finesse, great in leadership, in tenderness, great in loyalty, in catholicity, in courage, in patience. A giant among men, a hero among women, a captivator of children, wonderful among youth, wonderful among the aged. Big in sports, big in hard work, a big Christian, a big patriot, big in voice, in gesture, in gait, in carriage, superb, masterful, noble, brilliant—everywhere democratic.
>
> In manner and in every fiber he was fitted by the charm and majesty of his personality to stand among kings. He was a man! Take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again. He leaves a record behind him hard to equal. Monuments of splendid accomplishment. Work unfinished according to his dream, but destined by its vital urge to continue and to grow. From humble beginnings he attained these heights, and his name shall be a watchword to children, and children's children. I thank God that for a generation I was permitted to be his Pythias.

Dr. Shutter sent this message:

> I consider Dr. Perin's death a loss to the denomination and to all constructive philanthropy. We owe to him our mission in Japan and the success of the first Denominational Drive. The Every-day Church was the first organized effort for community service. The Franklin Square House was the crowning achievement of his life. He was a great preacher as well as organizer. His published sermons were models of directness and simplicity. Above all he was a great soul, loyal to the cause of truth and humanity and faithful to his friends. His place will not be speedily filled. His influence remains.

Editorial Correspondence



FRAMED by the pillars of my porch there is a picture beautiful and significant, it is so distinctly Floridian. It is curious what notions we have of this great state before we get here, and how we are forced to change them after we arrive. Few in the North have any conception of the area of Florida until they have to pay railroad fares, or buy gasoline. Out here in the southern half of this great commonwealth, thirty or seventy miles away, depending on how you travel, a little to the northwest of Miami, there is a little nearly circular spot on the map, which seems to be surrounded by hundreds of thousands of square miles of swamp and savannah. That is Lake Ochechobee, and that lake is so big that, when in the middle of it, even on the deck of the small steamer, we are as entirely out of sight of land as if we were on the broad Atlantic. And within that little circle the whole state of Rhode Island could be sunk, if the water were deep enough. Which goes to show that the state of Florida is a pretty big thing. And then when we remember that it is five hundred miles from Jacksonville to Key West, and the rates and roads according, we realize that the problem of exploration by the winter tourist is one of time and finance.

Often I have heard Northerners stating that they have been to Florida, and when asked where, they proudly announced that they had been to Jacksonville, St. Augustine or Pensacola, which means that they have been about as close to Florida as "Doc Cook" came to the North Pole, and they require but his superlative imagination and a Congressional investigating committee to write a book!

I have been in Florida a good many times and touched a considerable number of places, and am just beginning to learn what a lot I do not know! It is so big and so varied that it is worse, or better, than a three-ringed circus. The only thing to do is to concentrate on one ring at a time, and then you will probably wish it was the other one!

* * *

That is why the pillars on my porch frame a beautiful and significant picture, really a moving picture, for it changes with each passing hour. I see here a little bit of Florida, not quite so spectacular and bizarre and flamboyant as the big hotels with their chromoed guests lolling on the porches, or the wonderful beaches covered with the crowds making loud noises with their mouths, and louder ones with their costumes! Not so thrilling to the fisherman as thirty or forty big kingfish, groupers, a barracuda and a sailfish, which latter means a big fish without an auxiliary motor, but which can get through the water fast enough to dodge a streak of lightning! All these nailed up on a wooden frame, while the proud and happy fisherman stands by with his rod in his hand to "have his picture took" to send home, where he does not have to tell how many were landed by the captain of the boat! These are all Florida pictures which allure the Northern visitor, but they are not any of them the picture that I see.

What I see when the day is nearly done, standing out against the sunset sky, is just a pine tree. Immediately I can hear the shocked and disappointed friend in the North exclaim, "Why, we have whole forests of pine trees," and from those who have visited Florida only *via* the railroad or hotel folder, "Why, Florida is the land of palms and orange trees." Both exclamations are true—and altogether misleading. In the north country there will never be found a genuine Florida pine, and while the palms are here in vast numbers and marvelous variety, it is the pine which clothes the upland and creeps down even to the shores of the sea, and with its sturdy and homely dignity dominates the more gaudily dressed members

of its court, as its head lifted high above all others is crowned with the morning and glorified with the evening sunlight. Even some of the people of the state do not appreciate the wealth of art and beauty which is standing at their door; they make haste to cut down the majestic creature and plant in its place a dinky little palm, one of the one hundred and fifty-seven varieties which grow here in our midst. They can not sell the tree for lumber, because this pine, which is classed among the "soft woods," is really so hard you can not drive a nail into it or work it into any useful shape without violating whichever commandment it is that prohibits the use of profanity! And so it is machine worked into fire wood. And it burns; it is so full of pitch that each piece is like a torch. It is not like its relative a bit farther north which runs turpentine and wealth to the owner, but here in the hot country the turpentine has coagulated and really about all it is good for is to burn. But it does occur to me that it would make fine coffins for some people I know!

But the big, glorious pine of Florida was designed by the Creator to be looked at, and must be placed in the class with other great works of art, which barbarians in all ages destroy because they do not know any better.

Now I am looking at the picture framed by my porch pillars, and there are grouped half a dozen pines which rise out of a tangle of palmetto, but I am seeing only one, the master of them all. It rises in monumental grace at least fifty feet before there is a variation, its mammoth trunk covered with bark-scales larger than your hand and tinted with the softest of reds and browns and grays, in the sunlight giving a light bronze effect. Smooth and clean and symmetrical, this regal dignitary of the tree world is the very embodiment of seriousness and dignity, until it gets way up above its neighbors, and then it seems to lose its head, and throw dignity to the winds, and bursts forth into a riot of contortionate extravagance, of twisted and tangled branches, each one tipped with a tuft of long needles. And the birds come and lodge beneath their shelter.

The marvelous picture comes a little later, when the sun is down and but a pink and creamy sky remains, then against that background is silhouetted the majestic trunk of my tree, and all the wild extravagance and unexpected lines of the eccentric branching. And I think, alas, how many spend their good money for a Japanese post card with its delicate tracery against the sky, and do not know enough to go out on their porch and look through our pines at the sunset to see something finer.

F. A. B.

The Papers of John Pererin

XXII The Human Revolution

"And a man shall be as an hiding place from the wind. . . "

WHEN Daniel saw his visions in the night, you will remember that after the first four visions—wild nightmares they were, symbols of the brute imperialisms of the ancient world—he saw "one like unto a son of man," that is, he just saw a man, an ordinary, typical representative man. A hundred years ago, when the world was in much the same turmoil as it is to-day, that true seer William Blake saw a like vision—"the *human form divine*" as he called it. His whole utterance, whether in word or in line and color, is a loud vehement cry for a *man*—for a new kind, and yet the oldest kind of man—the plain natural unspoilt human spirit, divested of all the dogmatic and institutional half-truths that arrest his native self-expression, and appareled only in the simple habit of love, mercy, pity and truth. I confess to you that my spirit longs to see, and will want in hope until it does see, that real Man making shape over against the dark and chaotic background of this present time, a Man whom we shall see, the Man that we all ought to be.

Just such a man as Isaiah describes. "And man shall be," says he. *Any* man, that is. Dick and Tom and Harry, or you or I. Not especially selected persons in the community. Isaiah means every ordinary man, the man in the street, the average man.

And, he says, the Average Man shall be as an hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest, as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Just now the Man in the street is not a hiding place from the wind; he is the wind. He is not a covert from the tempest; he is the tempest. He is not the shadow of a great rock in a weary land; it is he who makes the land a weary land. And yet this isn't quite fair. He is not all blast and tempest. There are streaks of kindness and tenderness and good fellowship in him; and there are times when you see nothing but these streaks—around Christmas, for instance. He is always ready at any time to help a lame dog over a stile. Yet this is somewhat incidental—on the side as it were. The average man is still at bottom a predatory animal. I hear business men say that what they want is less interference by government, they want to be left alone and don't want the government poking its nose in everywhere. But government, in which some of us have a pathetic illusory trust and which others are bidding keep off the grass, got this power simply because we were not playing fair with each other in the past; and it had to step in to make the Average Man keep the rules of the game. We are burdened with too much government to-day because yesterday our individualism ran riot and had to be put in a strait-jacket. And are we so much better than our fathers that we can be trusted to play fair? I wonder—and I wonder because I know my own heart. After all, the beast of prey has not yet died out of us, if the rest of men are anything like me.

Government interference is indeed a poor business; and this machinery of restraint that we call Law is very irksome. But what can we put in its place? Of course, what we want is a revolution—and when I say revolution, I mean the word in its strictest sense. I hear a great deal about revolution nowadays; but

that is not revolution—it is merely redistribution. The cards are going to be reshuffled, but it will be the same old soiled pack. The only revolution that matters is that which will give us a new pack; and then I don't think it will matter much how they are shuffled. Just now it is a shuffle between the top-dogs and the under-dogs; and the talk of revolution means simply that the under-dogs are going to try to be top-dogs. And the only difference I can see is that there will be a larger number of top-dogs. I confess I am not interested in that kind of revolution, for it leaves the moral problem where it was. The only revolution that I am interested in is one that will stop the top-dog and the under-dog being dogs, and will make them men, full men, which is the same as saying *brothers*. And all the isms, capitalism, socialism, conservatism and radicalism, syndicalism and bolshevism, all these organized partisan doctrines and interests would be swallowed up in the one ism that is universal and permanent, that *humanism* which after all is the very breath of our life and, by the same token, the practise of the mind of Jesus Christ.

We need neither fear nor promote any other revolution if we can get *this* revolution. It will be as much revolution as we can handle or the world can heed. If I can only get this little world of Me and you get your little world of *You* turned upside down—and I say me and you because we need it as much as any one else—we shall turn the world upside down; or rather right side up, before long. It is the revolution within that is wanted—the rest can look after itself.

And if all we average men became like Isaiah's man, what a world it would be! The whole idea is of a man who is a refuge, a shelter, a sanctuary, a protector. Just think of a society in which I were your sanctuary and you were my sanctuary, and we were all each other's sanctuaries when every man was every man's "big brother," every man his brother's keeper. I was talking the other day to a man who had had some dealings with a real estate firm; and it was quite evident that the man and the firm were out for scalps—each other's scalps; and there is an insensate amount of that kind of scalp-hunting about. But suppose we made the great discovery that our *real* interests were after all identical, and that this sort of scalp-hunting is just the starkest tomfoolery, why, we should step into a new world straight away! It is just that discovery we need to make, to discover that the one thing in life which is worth while, which is completely satisfying, which leaves no regrets, which charges life with a priceless joy, is to be the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Don't you want to quali y for the post? Would you not rather be a man to whom other men come for brotherly counsel, a man with a name for helping lame dogs over stiles, than have all the wealth of Croesus? Don't you in your heart know it is better to be a man to whom the widow and the orphan know they can safely come and get your best, to whom broken men and women turn as the thirsty to a spring of water, than to sit on a throne? Oh, it's to be the shadow of a great rock in a weary land that's the great life!

Lord, the Spirit is willing, but the Flesh is weak. The good I would do, I do not. Yet, Lord, Thou knowest my frame and rememberest that I am dust; and on Thy mercy I throw myself: lead me to the Rock that is higher than I, so that through him I may become the shadow of a great rock in a weary land. Make me such a Man as Jesus was, the man that Thou didst design me to be. Amen.

The Germans Come Back to Washington

John van Schaick, Jr.

ABOUT ten o'clock one night in February, 1917, as I went out of the house to post some letters, I saw a taxicab draw up under the *porte cochere* of the German mbassy. In a moment Count von Bernstorff, the German Ambassador, who had just received his passports, stepped out, stood a moment in the full glare of the light, shook hands hastily with two or three attendants, and drove off in the darkness. History again was being made before our eyes. In one sense, it was only a taxicab dashing off down the avenue to the Union Station. In another sense it was the physical symbol of an international break, full of destiny. One could not help shivering a little, although one rejoiced that we had taken our stand. The night was full of something weird and awful. One by one the other Germans slipped away. Fritz, the Count's chauffeur, whom I had hired to wash my car, Julius, the cheery messenger who always darted up and down the terrace on a wheel, his wife, and the crippled child who never walked, but always smiled, the secretaries as regular as the clock, the hundreds of people who came on business to the embassy—all dropped out of sight.

In a few days the great building was fastened up and the Swiss Minister had moved next door to take charge.

Just five years have passed since that night in February, 1917. Much water has flowed under many bridges. A few weeks ago we saw again the great overseas vans from Rotterdam and Hamburg draw up before the embassy—the s utters came down, workmen appeared, a *charge d'affaires*, Mr. Lang, was installed, and with him came one or two familiar looking secretaries and clerks, many new ones, and finally Julius, his bicycle, his wife and child.

Julius seemed to hang back at first, but one day I called him and asked him about his family, about Fritz, and the others, and about the war.

"I was lucky," said he. "I was all the time at work in the Department of Foreign Affairs at Berlin or Spa." Then I found that once, just after the armistice, I had been so close to Julius at Spa that only a door in the old Hotel Brittanique, the German Headquarters, had separated us. Many of the others, however, were dead. This one was "killed at Lens." That one died in a hospital at Cologne. Another was never heard of after "the second battle of the Marne." "Tough war," said Julius, "but same old 'ting,' isn't it, forget and forgive. Same old 'ting.' Got to be friends with everybody."

At the Conference upon the Limitation of Armament, Germany had no delegates. While the Confer-

ence was in progress, Dr. John Metz arrived as correspondent of the *Frankfurter Zeitung* and became at once an object first of curiosity and then of interest to everybody. The newspapers wrote him up. The President received him. Colleges asked him to lecture. He made more stir than the *charge d'affaires* at the embassy.

In meeting him and hearing him speak, one gets a statement of things in Germany to-day as seen by a liberal, a democrat, and a pacifist.

Dr. Metz, still under forty, was secretary of the Chamber of Commerce of Mannheim from 1908 to 1910, and in London at the banking business from 1910 to 1912. He was looking toward a professorship in a Swiss university and as a step in that direction went with the famous Professor Ostwalf of Munich, who was head of the Institute for the Organization of Science. He became interested in the International Peace Movement and associated with the Baroness von Suttner, who wrote "Lay Down Your Arms," and with her co-laborer Alfred Fried.

David Starr Jordan made a tour of Europe for the International Conciliation Movement. Dr. Metz went with him as his secretary, but soon was put in to do part of the talking. In the tour of England and Scotland, he spoke at the home of Herbert Hoover in London on the "International Students Movement."

Norman Angell, in 1913, undertook a lecture tour in Germany in the interest of peace between Germany and England. Metz went with him as organizer and interpreter. At Gottingen, the students of the university mobbed them, as they were believed to be agents of the British War Office and enemies of the German Navy.

That same year, he came to an "International Congress of Students" held under the auspices of Cornell University at Ithaca, N. Y., and was elected its president. Between twenty and thirty nations were represented. The Italian newspapers called these delegates "*Corda Fratres*," Brothers of the Heart. President Wilson received the delegates at Washington. They had hope of preventing war, but the crash came within a year. They had to cancel their convention for 1914, which was to have been held at Montevideo.

It is from this peace-loving, liberty-loving German that we have been getting news of what has been going on recently in his country.

Dr. Metz believes in the German republic and in the democratic German constitution, and he is as much against the Kaiser and his crowd as we are in this country. That by far the great majority of the German people believe as he does, he asserts is proved by the three great crises through which the republic has passed since it was established in 1919—the counter revolution of March, 1920, the resignation of Chancellor Wirth and his resumption of power in 1921 and the crisis caused by the attempt of last December to substitute the old imperial German flag of black, white and red for the black, red and gold flag of the republic.

Disarmament in Germany is not a theory but a fact. That which was imposed by the treaty of Versailles as a punishment is a blessing. And all who signed the treaty of Versailles put their hands to the statement that they were so completely disarming Germany that they might be free to disarm themselves. Dr. Metz believes that the peoples of the allied countries of Europe will insist on this blessing for themselves.

Talk about Germany being a menace still, he ridicules. Herbert Hoover said, "Germany can not strike a blow on land or sea for generations to come." Briand said to the French Chamber, Oct. 21, 1921, "I am satisfied that German disarmament is an accomplished fact."

In disarming, Chancellor Wirth has insisted on absolute literal compliance with the stipulations. Army officers went to him and said, "We can keep this or that;" "a certain fortress can be covered with earth and uncovered when we need it;" but Wirth would have none of it.

Greatest of all the blessings of the German revolution, Dr. Metz puts as Paragraph 148 of the Constitution, that henceforth the education of German youth shall not be in glorification of war, but that history shall be taught in a different spirit.

That the democracy has come to stay in Germany does not mean that there is no danger from the reactionaries. They are power ul and cunning. There is what is called the *Deutsche Volks Partei*, the German People's Party, in fact anything but that, and the *Deutsche National Partei*, both of which are parties of the extreme right and for the monarchy. The militarists, the agrarians or great land owners, and the industrialists like Stinnes are against the government. Most of the strong men of this group would establish a monarchy if they had an opportunity, but not call back the Kaiser, and certainly not turn to the Crown Prince. And shrewdly they don't settle on any candidate for the throne.

For the republic there are not only the Social Democrats and the Socialists, but the bulk of the strong Centrist Party which alone controls a third of the nation. Always before the war this party was the great support of the monarchy. That is ended now.

The only danger to the republic lies in such a lack of world sympathy and support that it can not go on. If the impossible is insisted on in reparations and life becomes too hard in Germany anything might happen. The payment of 20,000,000 marks a year, one-third of the German budget, to support an army of occupation on the Rhine is an example of a burden that could be lifted. With Germany disarmed, why keep up this terrible and unnecessary expense?

With the growth of bitter propaganda in Germany against France by the militarists, there is growth also, says Dr. Metz, of tolerance for France, based on the conviction that large numbers of people in France realize that France has more to gain by friendship with Germany and a resumption of trade relations than by policies of hatred and reprisal.

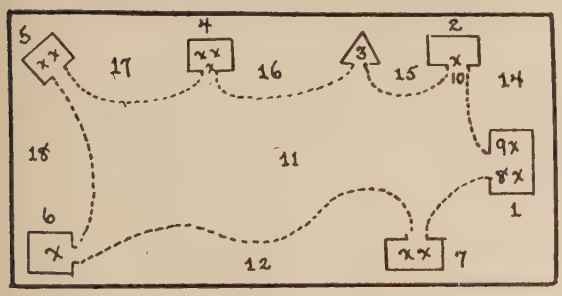
Certain it is that the coming of this type of a German liberal, representing the party now in control in his country, shows clearly what we have been asserting of every nation, that the most stupid of all generalizations is that "they are all alike."

It suggests also that in one of the most stupendous struggles of history between reaction and progress, America may again come forward at a critical hour, not with huge armies but with understanding and sympathy and material help, where necessary, and exert a decisive influence on the result.

The Sand Table

Mrs. Frank Austin Alden

DEDICATING THE TEMPLE



1. Palace.
2. Nathan's house.
3. Tent—the holy place.
4-7. Other houses.
8. King David.
9. Solomon.
10. Nathan.
11. Place for temple.
12-18. Grass, flowers, trees, etc.

Place other dolls in houses 4-7.

Temple should not be on table at beginning of lesson. See further advice about temple in lesson where it is introduced.

TO-DAY we are going to study about three men. They were all great men in Israel. One is Nathan, the prophet. He was a man who was always listening to hear what God had to say, and then he would tell the people about it. (Point to 10.) And the second man is David. Let us see, we studied some about David in the last lesson, didn't we? Who can tell us anything about David? (Review "The Boy Who Kept Sheep" as desired.) Yes, David was the boy, the son of Jesse, whom Samuel anointed to be king after Saul. What was the matter with Saul? Yes, he was proud. That was the reason why he did not make a good king. So God chose the boy David. And now (point to 8) here is David, the king. He is called "King David." Let's all say that name together so we will all remember it. (Lead in repeating it.) Now, I guess we will all remember it, King David. That means that God has kept His promise that He made through Samuel. You know, God always keeps His promises. And we want to be like God so we will always keep our promises.

Now, David has been king for some time—in fact for many years—and while he has been king he has raised a great army and he has had several wars for one reason and another. And war is a horrible thing. Men go out to wound and kill each other. And God doesn't want war. He wants all His children to love each other. And folks that fight have a hard job loving one another. But David has been very successful in his wars. That is, his armies have won. And now that David is getting older and the wars are over, what do you suppose he thinks? Why, he thinks it would be a fine thing to build a house to God. And the more he thinks about it the better he likes the idea. And then he thinks he will talk with his friends about it. And so he sends words over to Nathan, the prophet, to come and see him. (Move 10 to 1 to see David, 8.)

So you see here David is telling Nathan all about his plan. He says that nobody has ever built a house for God. The people have had to worship God in a tent, though of recent years they had built houses for themselves. And he tells Nathan that he wants to build a house for God. And he wants to build a *fine* house for God. He is going to build such a house as never was seen before. It is going to be a great big house. And it is going to be most all gold, because nothing can be too good for God. Now, don't you think that was a fine idea? Well, that was what David thought. And as Nathan hears about it, he thinks it would be fine also. Then Nathan goes back home to think it over. (Move Nathan home.) Then as David keeps thinking about it, he makes up his mind that he will go over to the holy place and tell God what he is going to do. (Move David to 3.) Here he prays to God and tells Him that he wants to build a fine house for Him. And yet he can not tell what God thinks about it. He doesn't seem to hear any reply. So David goes back home (Move David back to 1.)

Then just look here. (Move Nathan to 1.) Here comes Nathan to see David again. And what do you suppose Nathan is telling David? Why, Nathan tells David that he has been talking to God about this house that David wants to build and call "The Temple." And that God has told him to come and tell David that he (David) can not build the temple. And now listen very carefully, for Nathan is telling David why God will not let him build the temple. He says that God says David is a man of war—that in these wars he has killed many, many people—and that his hands for this reason have blood on them. Of course David had washed his hands many times. But, you see, you can't get evil deeds off your hands by washing them. God still sees what your hands have done. And God said he did not want a temple built with hands that had blood on them. So David can not build the temple as he wished.

But God knows that David had not learned all that God wanted folks to know about loving and not fighting. So Nathan tells David that God is pleased with his having thought about a temple, and that while he can not accept a temple built by hands that had been fighting, yet he will let David's son, Solomon, build the temple later. (Move Nathan back home.)

Now we have our third man in this lesson. This is Solomon, King David's son. He is only a young man yet. But of course, after David, he will be king. Then he will be called King Solomon. (Repeat name with the children, as before in King David's case. In fact, this is a good custom with all names of prominent characters.) Now, David feels pretty bad for a while because he can't build the temple. But then he is glad that Solomon can build it, and here David talks with Solomon and tells him all the story about how he wanted to build the temple, and God will not allow him to do it. And he tells Solomon that to

build the temple is to be the main task of his reign when he comes to be king. And Solomon says he will attend to it. Then, after a while, King David dies (take David doll off the table). And now Solomon is king. And he finds that David has gathered great stores of wood and stone and gold and precious jewels to be used in building the temple. And Solomon gathers more, and then he organizes great bands of workmen, and builds the temple as a house for God. Now Solomon was not a man of war. His hands were not bloody. When he comes to be king the thing he asks of God is not power but wisdom. He wants to know just how to do what God wants done. And this pleases God and God helps him build the temple. But even with God's help and with all the people working it takes about seven years to get this great temple built. Now, we are going to imagine that we have seen them working all this time, and that the temple is built.

(Place representation of temple at 11. This you can make from cardboard, or you can procure one made from some publishing house.) And now all the people come up to the temple. (Move dolls from all the houses up around the temple. Then move Solomon also to the temple.) Now, these people are all coming to the temple. And just like this they have bee coming here every day for seven years (except Sundays) to work on the temple. But this time they come to celebrate the completion of the temple. You see when you have kept on working o a job, whatever it may be, there comes a time when you can feel glad and can celebrate because the job is done. And the king tells the people how God has been with them in the building of the temple, and reminds them how much they have to thank God for. And then they all vow that the temple s all be for God's house, and that they will not forget God. And then they sing songs. And they are all so happy, just as it always makes us happy when we do things for God. And then they remember why David could not build this house. And it is then said that the house of God is a house of peace, not war. And so it is with our churches to-day, for these are God's houses for us. The churches are temples of peace. They do not stand for war, because they represent to us just what the temple of Solomon did, that God will not have a house built by hands of war. He wants people to build him houses for peace. And, then, since Jesus came and told us that God is our Father, we know that the temple God loves best is the temple in our hearts. And He wants that temple kept for peace also, because He wants to live there. And the service He wants us all to give is the service of love to our fellow men. And what rule did Jesus give us for dedicating the temple of our hearts? Who can tell us? The Golden Rule! Yes, that is it. That is the promise God wants us to make in dedicating our hearts to Him.

(Have the children repeat—a few words at a time—after you, Matthew 7 : 12.)

Well, do you know what else beside speaking and singing they did when this temple was dedicated? They did one other thing They prayed to God—that is, they talked with God and told Him how much they thanked Him for what He had done for them. And they promised God they would do what He wanted them to do. They told God they would always serve Him with their hands and hearts and lips.

Now, let us have a little dedication service. And let us all promise God, our Father in heaven, that we will serve Him, by being kind and loving and cheerful and helpful every day. As we make our little prayer, let us learn it carefully, so that we can say it every day, not only Sundays, and when we say it to remember that we are just promising God to do these things. Now listen and watch me. (Teach them this little prayer, line by line, using the motion indicated, because the motion will help them to remember the line. Then repeat it all together, after they have learned it. Also have them repeat it several Sundays afterward.)

Dear Heavenly Father:

Help our hearts to love Thee (right hand over heart).

Help our hands to serve Thee (both hands extended to front).

Help our lips to praise Thee (first finger, right, on lips).

Forever and ever. Amen.

A New Church for Washington, D. C.

The Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D.

WASHINGTON has always been one of the missionary points of the Universalist denomination. As far back as 1842, the Rev. Theophilus Fiske preached occasionally in Washington. In September, 1844, Dr. G. T. Flanders spend two weeks there and organized a society, which did not, however, continue. In 1853 Dr. James Shrigley made another effort to start a church. It was not, however, until after 1869 that a real beginning for Universalism was made, and at that time the enterprise was backed largely by the General Convention. When the plans for building the church were formed, an appeal was made for contributions to all churches, and the sala y of the pastor was paid in part by the denomination. Thus truly has this society been practically a Convention church, the Convention holding the property. Only during the pastorate of Dr. John van Schaick was the Convention whol'y free from a contribution to the minister's salary. In still another way this church has been a missionary church. A great many Universalists have gone to Washington from year to year, some as visitors, some to hold office for a period, and some to make their permanent residence there. This latter group has been the smallest, but out of this the church has come, the earnest, noble company that has presented Universalism to Washington. Through all the years this group has served our faith most loyally and has sent out through the moving groups of Americans and foreigners our gospel of eternal hope.

In recent years it has been realized by the parish and the denomination that the present edifice is inadequate, particularly for such a city as Washington, and that no parish or pastor can succeed without better equipment. Dr. L. M. Powers, the last minister, who died while pastor there, urged upon the Convention more adequate tools. Following his death the whole problem was opened and the question raised was: Shall the Washington church be purely a local enterprise, developing only as its own resources will allow, or shall this be considered as a missionary enterprise of the whole denomination? The Convention at Detroit took positive action that an appeal should be made for funds to the whole Church, and the Comrades forthwith raised $35,000 for the church. The campaign has already begun. The church at Washington is to provide the lot in a desirable section of the city, at an expense of about $75,000. The church and other buildings to be erected on this lot depend upon the generosity of Universalists throughout the country. It must be evident to all that there is need of a new church, and it must appeal to the sentiment and loyalty of all Americans that it is planned that this shall be a memorial church to the young men and women who served in the Great War, and likewise a memorial to men and women who at any time or in any place have done peculiar service for the spread of Universalism.

But in the minds of many this new undertaking looms up as the greatest missionary enterprise the Universalist denomination ever attempted. Washington is now not alone the Capital of this country, but it is the world capital because of its new leadership in international affairs. To this place come statesmen, students, citizens from all nations, to learn about government, education, industry, and religion. Here is a chance for us to have a distributing station for our ideas. Particularly is this significant in these days when the rational ideas of our faith present the only solution for world problems and are the ideas which are being advanced under other names by those who are making headway in solving the world problems. We may not put our missionary stations into all corners of the earth, but there is a chance that with an adequate plant and a sufficient working force we may give our ideas of religion and life to visitors of all lands who sojourn here for a while, and thus in a real sense may send missionaries of our faith to all corners of the earth, perhaps not to establish Universalist churches, but to infuse Universalist thought into society.

It is proper that this effort at Washington be combined with the Perin-Cate House for Japan, for in essence both of these are efforts to send out truth to those we can not expect to become of us. The Perin-Cate Home in Japan, where students shall lodge and while doing so be instructed in our faith, shall not so much make Universalists as spread Universalism. It would be fine if while not making many Japanese Universalists we could help Japan to put Universalism into society, government, and religion.

The Near East Problem

John R. Voris

IT is doubtless true that most Americans not only know little about the political conditions of the Near East, but are not sufficiently interested to want to know anything. They are tired enough of giving, but as for thinking of the possibilities of changing conditions, that is another matter.

But with those who represent the more thoughtful element in American life, it may not be remiss to discuss briefly some observations and impressions of the political situation there. As an American, who, like many others of our land, wants to see the world made better, even if it takes blundering to do it, I give the story of my own experiences and some conclusions resulting from them.

Constantinople, the Gateway to the East, the Bosphorus, the Dardanelles, and an area on either side of the Bosphorus are controlled by the Allies. No ship can enter into the Bosphorus or leave without permission from the Allied "Control."

Kemal Pasha and the Turkish Nationalists control Asia Minor, the territory bounded by the Bosphorus on the west, the Black Sea on the North, and extending to the territory controlled by Russia.

As our ship made the port of Trebizond the latter part of July we had news of the deportation inland of several hundred Greek citizens, from Trebizond alone, while the Greek patriarch at Constantinople told us that the number of Greek deportees along the whole littoral would reach 40,000. Though these figures were probably too large, the situation was indeed serious. Turkish official statements declared that for military reasons they were taking the Greek population inland.

Last winter the Turkish armies advanced northeast from Kars into Caucasian Armenia through Alexandropol several miles to the eastward. Later, when the Russian army came in, the Turkish forces withdrew a distance of about ten miles south of Alexandropol. Some of us who visited Turkish villages one afternoon were within one mile of the Turkish frontier. While the Turks were occupying Alexandropol and the region north and east, there took place the events which I must now relate in order to present a truthful report of the situation.

A party of ten of us, rising at five one morning, took motor cars and drove out seventeen miles from Alexandropol to a place within two miles of the village of Akhboolag. Here we stopped at the dry bed of a brook called Siptak Zoor (White Spring Creek). Leaving the cars at the bridge on the main road, we proceeded up stream on the right hand bank. About a hundred and fifty feet from the road we came upon three mounds, each about thirty feet long and six feet wide, and a long trench not filled in. It was evident from the odor that bodies were buried there. Bones and fragments of dresses protruding from the mounds here and there indicated how shallow was the covering of earth. The merest cursory shoveling revealed the fact that the trenches were filled with

hundreds of bodies, all piled together and the whole covered with a shallow layer of earth. These bodies, so far as the bones would indicate, were all of women and girls.

We went on up the bed of the creek. On the banks on either side graves appeared in large numbers, while in the bed of the creek skeletons could be plainly seen. I counted five skulls and bits of bodies with clothing still clinging to the skeletons. Here was a child's stocking, and there a woman's long hair. All along the left bank at frequent intervals protruded bones, bits of clothing or shoes where the gravel that had been thrown over the bodies had been washed away.

We had heard of this place, and of the massacre. We wanted to see it with our own eyes, and I am reporting only what I myself saw and heard.

We sent to the village for a peasant, and one was brought back. He said he was twenty-seven years of age. He had lost his wife and daughters. He told us simply, and without apparent emotion, that the Turk, "the wild beast," as he called him always, had taken about 3500 women and children from his village and neighboring ones and, with the exception of about 500 of the prettier girls, had driven them into the ravine, and having violated them all, had killed them and thrown them into the bed of the ravine. Some had been shot and others killed with the bayonet. The bodies had been hastily covered with gravel over which the winter's snow had fallen and preserved them to be uncovered later by the spring thaw and freshet.

The men had been disposed of before. They had all been crowded into the largest houses in the village, he said, and then some dried straw and vines and other things were piled against the houses and they were set on fire. Very few men escaped. The man who talked with us had been at the mill at a neighboring village when the men were slaughtered, and hearing of trouble, he had hidden in the mountains for several weeks.

We drove on to the village, on the very road over which last November the lines of women and children had been driven. We stopped at the houses indicated by the peasant as two of those in which the men had been burned. In the ruins of one we found charred human bones. We talked with the owner of this house, an old man who corroborated the testimony of the peasant. These men had not known of our coming; they had no chance to talk together. There was no collusion. We went then to another village, and there too we saw evidences of buried bodies, and heard from other peasants of the massacre of more than a thousand people.

All witnesses examined declared that there were numbers of other places in the neighborhood where similar massacres had taken place during the occupation of the Turks. All insisted that the killing had been done by regular soldiers, under command, and in the presence of their officers.

It was rumored that the Turks admit more or less of the truth of this statement, but they excuse it as being necessary in the interests of their occupation, for the people had been planning a revolt—a story so patent one can simply state the facts without exclamation or comment.

The question for Turkish leaders, and all civilized governments, is this—What is going to be done about it? Will there be other cases that approximate this in cold-blooded and beastly cruelty? Will civilization stand for this sort of thing?

I have related the facts with rather brutal frankness, not to arouse bitterness against the Turks, not to gain more sympathy for the Armenians, but for a much deeper purpose—to arouse the American people to demand that this sort of thing be stopped, at once, and forever.

This needs no mandate over Turkey or Armenia, I believe, and certainly not by America. But American leaders in the Near East believe that if America will take a more definite relationship to the general problems of the Near East other nations will gladly follow her lead, and that if America and England agree on a program it is likely that that program will be carried out. It does not mean allied armies invading Turkish dominions. It does mean that the nations of the world say to Turkey, "This must stop. If not it means boycott, limitation of your powers, ostracism. Massacre must cease."

* * *

PARABLES OF SAFED THE SAGE

The Parable of Water in the Bath Tub

SIX days do I labor and do a part of my work, and on the seventh I rise and work a little harder. And on the morning of any of the six days I stand in my Bath Room, and set the water to running, and it Runneth Slowly. And I know the reason. For my neighbors also rise early, and swallow their Breakfast, and they run to Suburban Trains that convey them unto the City, where they buy and sell and get gain. And on the six days they leave the Hay at about the same time that I emerge. And I have a Vision of my neighbor on the right hand getting into his Tub, and my neighbor on the left hand doing the same. Yea, and I know that my neighbor across the street, and his wife, and his son, and his daughter all take a morning plunge; and my neighbor around the corner, and his wife and his son and his daughter and his man-servant and his maid-servant and the stranger within their gates are all lined up at the Bath Room door.

But on the Sabbath Day, I have a vision of my neighbors taking an Extra Nap, they and their wives and their sons and their daughters and their men-servants and their maid-servants and the stranger within their gates. Therefore on that morning doth the Cold Water gush forth as it were a fountain, and the Hot Water as a Geiser. And I have abundance of water.

And I know that I can have the Same Felicity on any day of the week when I choose to rise an hour more early in the morning.

And the same is a Parable, yea, and I will make a Parable of it. And I will say unto men, If there be in life any good thing which thou desirest, and which now is forbidden thee in any large degree because it must be shared with all thy fellow-men of average ability, emerge thou from the bunch of them that line up among the average: yea, rise thou a little more early in the morning, and that which thou desirest,

it be lawful and right, go after it and get it. For the men who have attained more in this life than their competitors have largely been they who arrived at success while average men were taking their last nap, or yawning for admission to the Bath Room which was already Occupied.

Many men of genius have I met, and the secret of success for the most of them was an Alarm Clock set an hour ahead of the Bunch.

* * *

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

James W. Vallentyne

MARCH 5—JEHOVAH'S MERCY TO A HEATHEN CITY

The Book

As is sometimes the case in ancient literature, no one knows who wrote this book. It seems quite certain that it was written in the period between three and two hundred years B. C.

It is unlike most other Bible books. It is not a record of events nor a compilation of addresses. It is a novel. It might very well be called a parable.

The object of the book is to set up the spirit, attitude and conduct of Judah, to interpret them and to declare their consequences, in such a way that Judah will see itself in the picture. That the author brilliantly succeeded no one can deny.

The book has been much criticised and ridiculed because its interpreters understood it to be history rather than fiction. The story is related as though it were a record of facts, but so are the parables of Jesus. No story is begun with the statement that it is fiction. In the scriptures we have a great drama under title of Job. It was understood by many to be history. We have the book of Daniel, a great apocalypse, that has been much misunderstood.

Students of literature have no difficulty in determining the character of a production. Fortunately our scholars are now giving us the Bible in such form as to make clear to the simplest readers the character of the matter read. The transfer of literature from those eight centuries before Christ to our period and at the same time the moving of it from Orient to Occident is so violent a process as to jeopardize its structure. Only the greatest skill and the widest investigation into sources can assure us that the result conveys the concepts of the authors.

All reputable scholars agree that this is a story told by a very capable man who was both a spiritual seer and a brilliant writer. He used the story form for the same reasons that Jesus used it. Instruction by story requires more genius than instruction by any other method, and is worth vastly more than any other form of instruction. The story easily gets a hearing; it is not barred by prejudice, it is very difficult to challenge, its meaning can not be mistaken, it can not be forgotten.

The Story

The hero was a prophet. God spoke to him and sent him to a great and wicked heathen capital to declare that in forty days the city would be destroyed by Jehovah for its wickedness.

Jonah did not want to go to preach to a heathen city because he did not want any heathen city to have a chance at mercy. He did not want any heathen people to get acquainted with Jehovah and form attachments and participate in the benefits of the religion of Jehovah.

This selfish and unbrotherly prophet was not unwilling to leave home and live among foreigners, for he did leave home and take ship to Tarshish, which was perhaps the farthest outpost of civilized settlements. He did this to get away from the influence of God. It was in his mind as it was in the minds of the majority of the Jews that God's influence was confined to the land of Judah.

On board ship a great storm terrified the sailors, who became convinced that some one on board was being punished by his gods, and they sought to find this individual by the casting of lots, and the lot indicated Jonah. They threw him overboard, where he was washed into an envelope of seaweed that held him so fast about that it was as though he had been swallowed by a great sea monster. For three days he was confined in this chamber of death.

Any one so situated thinks with great rapidity and with remarkable candor. Here Jonah adjusted his purposes to the powers supreme and agreed to do anything he might be called upon to do. He was delivered from his hazard and returned to his home.

Again the call came to him to go to Nineveh and preach the message of destruction unless the city repented. He yielded to the call and went and preached. He went because he was afraid not to go, and not because he wanted or was even willing to see the heathen capital saved.

When he was one-third through the city the people poured forth in a great and earnest repentance. They appealed to Jehovah and He accepted their penitence and saved the city from its impending doom.

Jonah was disappointed. The thing he had prophesied did not happen. He wanted to see it. The people made peace with God and this he did not want. These heathen were now included among the people of God. The Jew must have cordial dealings with the heathen now that they were included in the family of Jehovah. The Jews could no more stand out apart and superior to everybody else. Embarrassments and inconveniences were now to be suffered. Jonah was angry and humiliated and defeated.

"Our hero" went outside the city wall and built a protection for himself while he rebelled and pouted and planned. A vine grew up and gave him shelter from the hot sun. This was a consolation and a bit of companionship and a ministry of shelter. A cut-worm severed the root and the gourd collapsed. Again the world went wrong with him.

The story ends with Jehovah lecturing Jonah for his bias and prejudice against people regardless of whom they might be.

The Meaning

The man Jonah is an impersonation of Judah. The name Jonah is the name of a prophet of Israel five hundred years earlier. Those attitudes and acts which are given to Jonah in the story accurately represent the attitudes and conduct of Judah.

Judah believed itself superior to every other nation. The Jew believed that Jehovah was the only real God and that He was his exclusive God so long as the knowledge of Him was withheld from the rest of the world.

The unbrotherliness of the Jew was well illustrated in the story of the unwilling and finally pouting prophet.

Isaiah had taught universalism to some degree, but the people never got it, either because they were not bright enough to see it or because they did not want it that way, or both.

Judah's experience in the envelope of Babylon did not change the narrowness of their sympathies. In Jonah's discomfort he made promises and kept them but he never came to any spirit of brotherliness. In Judah's captivities the people made great covenants but they never came to see the brotherhood of man.

This unknown prophet, brilliant in imagination, skillful in literary construction and penetrating in spiritual vision, gave to his race and religion one of the most striking pictures that has ever come from the lips of the preacher. The Master teacher perhaps two centuries later used the same theme in that marvelous canvas we call the Prodigal Son.

The Jew sorely needed the instruction. He did not take it, either from Hosea or from the writer of the book of Jonah or from Jesus of Nazareth. How strangely hard it is for men to accept the religion of the brotherhood of man! Universalists talk much about the Fatherhood of God, but they stopped without a word on the supreme topic of the ministry of Jesus. The Unitarians talk about the brotherhood of man, but are at the bottom of the list in their efforts to reach the heathen cities of the world.

This story was given to the Jew. Who shall write a story for America? The Jew utterly failed. Can America succeed?

Home and Children

FRIENDLY POETRY

The poems to be printed in this department must meet the human test. They must have sympathy, understanding and, above all, faith.

A SONG, A TASK, A BETTER WORLD

Keep a song in your heart; it will lighten
The duty you hold in your hand;
Its music will graciously brighten
The work your high purpose has planned.
Your notes to the lives that are saddened
May make them to hopefully yearn,
And earth shall be wondrously gladdened
By songs they shall sing in return.

Keep a task in your hands; you must labor,
By toil is true happiness won;
For foe and for friend and for neighbor,
Rejoice, there is much to be done.
Endeavor, by crowning life's duty
With joy-giving song and with smile,
To make the world fuller of beauty
Because you were in it awhile.

Anonymous.

A FLOWER STORY

ONE year long ago—so the fairies say—Winter stayed so late that it began to look as if Spring were never coming again. At last Mother Nature made up her mind that the flowers, at least, must do their part. She hurried to the pussy-willow tree and said, "It is cold, I know, but you must let your buds come out. Quick, buds, quick! Out of your hiding places!"

So out popped the willow buds and threw open their brown coats as they came. The sun was shining at that moment, and the air was not so cold; but soon a north wind rushed down the valley, and the buds shivered.

"Oh! Oh!" they wept. "The tears are freezing on our faces."

Mother Nature, who was busy talking to some of the other flowers, heard the pussy-willow buds and hurried to her storehouse. There she found a pile of gray fur. Snip, snip went her flying scissors, and soon every little willow bud was toasting warm in a new fur coat.

But scarcely had the pussy willows been attended to before there was a sound of sobbing down in the marsh.

"Dear, dear!" cried a hundred little voices in chorus. "It is so chilly in the marsh! Our ears are aching!"

"My poor skunk cabbages!" said Mother Nature. So she rushed off to her storehouse again. There was no more fur there, but she found some reddish-brown leather, and out of that she made hoods. When the homely little skunk cabbages got those neat hoods on they were comfortable and from a distance almost good-looking.

But soon cries of distress came from the hillside. The hepaticas were shivering and calling in the sharp wind, and were so cold that they were blue. Once again Mother Nature hurried to her storehouse. There was no more fur and no more leather; but at last she found in a corner some soft wool. Five minutes later the shivering bodies of the hepaticas were wrapped in silky wool.

When the bloodroot came peeping through the dry leaves Mother Nature did not know what to do. The sun was growing warmer, but the breeze was still cold, and the bloodroot began to shake. The fur, the leather and the wool were all gone, and there was nothing else to use.

"You will just have to cuddle up in your own leaves," Mother Nature said.

So the bloodroot wrapped its leaves round itself like a cape and stood up sturdily.

Down in the woods the anemones began to shake out their delicate pink muslin petticoats, and on green banks the violets came curtsying in pretty purple hoods.

"O my stars!" said Mother Nature to herself. "Suppose they catch cold! I haven't a single scrap to cover them with, and they can do nothing for themselves."

But then suddenly she noticed that the air had grown so warm that the latest comers had no reason to complain. Spring had come at last.

"Why did you wait so long?" asked Mother Nature.

"It was the fault of the sun and the wind," Spring answered. "They would not do as they should. But when they saw that all the flower children had come of their own accord the sun and the wind were ashamed and began to hurry."

"Then it's just as well that I called the flowers out," Mother Nature said. "But I hope I shall never have to do it again."—*Gertrude A. Folts, in Youths' Companion.*

* * *

THE MINISTER'S WIFE

A Ballad of Good Women

The Rev. John Coleman Adams, D. D.

It was once on a time in the eons of the very long, long ago,
That the Lord of all good women, and of all good parsons, too,
Was minded in His good pleasure to fashion a helper meet
To hold up the hands of His heralds, whom the good new times should greet.

For He knew in His far fore-seeing what a simple folk they would be,
Those men who should preach His gospel, in the centuries called A. D.,
As helpless as babes in a forest, or as blind men out on the deep,
In need of constant mothering, their daily steps to keep.

So He set Him at work to pattern a woman to fit the place,
With a three-fold dower of virtues, and as many an added grace,
And all in the far-off ages the great task was begun,
That the time might be good and plenty for the work to be perfectly done.

hen Eve, the first great mother, He made both winsome and warm,
or they all be men, these parsons, to thrill at a woman's charm!
ut "beauty is vain," said King Lemuel, and the super-woman shall show
he nimble wit of the wisest; for a man's thought is but slow.

o down by the Nile in Egypt, the Lord made a woman so keen
hat she nursed her own little man-child in the palace of a queen;
nd Jochabed, mother of Moses, set a pattern for every age,
f the woman more than winsome, of the womanhood that is sage.

ut what are grace and favor, and what is a quick wit, too,
the woman prove to be fickle, whom the parson-man shall woo?
o another pattern was fashioned and another woman was sent,
Vho followed whithersoever the widow Naomi went.

'or churches they be restless, and the parson is restless, too,
o his wife must take for her motto, "Move on! I'll follow you!"
nd 'tis this makes the parson courageous to fare thro' the world so wide;
'he road is not weary or lonesome with the woman by his side!

till the centuries ever rolled onward, but the time it had not come
'o set in the flesh before men the queen of the parson's home,
o still the Lord in His patience delayed the work to crown,
'ill He garnered the choicest women in the soil of the ages grown.

Ie added the Bethany sisters in household lore expert,
Mary who graced the parlor, and Martha who made dessert.
Ie chose him Dorcas of Joppa, who lovingly served the poor,
nd was wise in the craft of sewing, good womanhood's wondrous lore.

Ie taught Priscilla of Corinth to entertain missioner Paul,
'or the parson's wife must be ready to care for whoever shall call.
Ie set good Lois and Eunice to train up a man for the Lord,
'or all the parson's children must be reared in the way of the word!

Still he added virtue to virtue, and ever the paragon grew,
That should rule the parson's household and grace the parson's pew,
Till at last, in the end of the eons, in the ages of larger life,
He gathered up all these virtues, and lo! the minister's wife!

Wife and mother and sweetheart, champion and critic in one,
The masterpiece of good women, since ever the world begun,
The woman whom all call worthy, whose price above rubies they raise,
On whom the heart of her husband is set to love and to praise.

Who doeth him good and not evil, who burneth her lamp by night,
Who maketh the linen garments, that her household be clad aright;
Whose tongue is laden with kindness, whose children call her blest,
Whose works in the gates all praise her, of all God's daughters, the best!

* * *

YOUNG PEOPLE AND AMUSEMENT

How hard it is to find the golden mean! Just when the more liberal elements in the Methodist Church clamor for the lifting of the bans imposed by the Book of Discipline on Amusements, fourteen Episcopal congregations in Louisville make a simultaneous drive against what are coming to be known as jazz manners, jazz morals, jazz music and jazz dances. They declare that under no circumstances should they be permitted in any church or parish house under Episcopal control. It seems that advantage has been taken of the leniency which Episcopalian leaders have always exhibited toward the relaxations which in some other branches of the Church are considered questionable and even wrong. But lowered standards in these post-war days all over the world are forcing Christian churches and homes to consider whether the youth of to-day are steady and high minded enough to indulge in exciting pleasures without being harmed thereby. Between wholesale prohibition and judicious participation we declare for the latter. At the same time we are confident that not only in Louisville but in every city and town in the land parents should have a more intimate knowledge of what their children are doing and with whom they are going. Homes and churches should co-operate in the effort to strengthen the inner life of young people so that in matters of dress, amusements and behavior in public they shall for themselves draw the line between liberty and license, between a really good time and the bogus kind. This is the only cure which we see for the laxity of the world.—*Congregationalist.*

* * *

AN ADDED AFFLICTION

At the dinner table his elders had been discussing the State School for the Deaf, while seven-year-old Johnnie listened interestedly.

That evening, when preparing for bed, he looked earnestly into the face of his older sister and sighed.

"Wouldn't it be awful to be deaf, Titi?" he said. "Just think of having to wash your ears every day and never getting any good out of them at all!"—*Harper's Magazine.*

* * *

DRESSED IN THEIR SUNDAY BEST

Minnie M. Meyer

In the cathedral of Etchmiadzin, Armenia, last July a party of Americans were attending a Sunday morning service. They had motored down from Erivan, the capital city, to worship in this famous cathedral, whose walls contain stones of the first Christian church in that ancient land of Noah and other heroes of the Bible—erected about 303 A. D.

While the service was in progress the Americans watched the children from the Near East Relief orphanage reverently participating in the worship. They arose and, to their surprise, the Americans discovered a group of the orphanage boys dressed in garments on which appeared the names of some well-known brands of American flour!

The boys were not made self-conscious by their striking costumes. In fact they were proud of them, for these garments were clean and whole, while the children for whom there was no room in the orphanage wore only filthy rags.

Some Worth-while Books

Any Book Published For Sale by the Universalist Publishing House

The Girls

Ask the girls at Universalist Headquarters what is the most interesting novel of the season, and see if they don't say without hesitation, "The Girls," by Edna Ferber. (We ought to know something about it, too, for we've formed a book club, and are reading the latest novels.) Any way please be sure to read "The Girls," the first chance you get, and see if you don't like it as well as we do. We'll be terribly disappointed if, after you've read it, you throw up your hands and exclaim in horror, "What's this new generation coming to?" It will make us think you're hopelessly old-fashioned—the saddest of shortcomings.

Great-Aunt Charlotte, aged seventy-four, is the first of the girls, and you wait and see if she isn't a perfect dear. Her lover was killed in the Civil War, and her lot as the old-maid aunt in the home of her domineering sister is far from enviable. Hers was the day before bachelor maids had come into their own. Lottie, her niece and namesake, aged thirty-two, has considered it her duty to look after the comfort of her aunt and her petulant mother. It is Charley, aged eighteen and a half, who starts a revolution in the life of these two older women. She belongs to the "first generation of women since Eve to tell the truth and face the consequences . . . who believe that there is no higher duty than self-expression . . . If it had been written 'Honor thy sons and thy daughters' along with 'Honor thy father and thy mother,' there'd have been a lot less trouble in the world."

The conversations in the book are glorious. They say Edna Ferber carries around a little notebook and pencil to jot down the clever bits of conversation she hears before she forgets them. Surely no one could have invented Charley's wonderful style of expressing herself without some such aid. Here is a sample of the conversation between Lottie and Charley. Lottie is changing her dress for dinner, and Charley is watching her, perched on the foot-board of the bed, "her stockings rolled neatly and expertly just below knees as bare and hardy as a Highlander's."

"Oh, you're disgusting, that's what you are, Lotta Payson. You practically never do anything you really want to do. You're so nobly self-sacrificing that it's sickening. It's a weakness. It's a vice."

"Yes, ma'am," said Lotta gravely. "And if you kids don't do, say and feel everything that comes into your heads, you go around screaming about inhibitions. If you new-generation youngsters don't yield to every impulse you think you're being stunted."

"Well, I'd rather try things and find they are bad for me than never try them at all."

And Lotta does finally "try things and find out." She goes to France as a war worker, and before she goes Aunt Charlotte says, "Whatever it is you want to do, you do it; it's your last chance."

We won't spoil the story by telling you what is Lotta's great adventure. You probably wouldn't approve of it if you were told, but when you read the book, you'll feel very certain that, conventional or unconventional, whatever Lotta does seems right to her.

If we run across another book we like as well as "The Girls," we'll be sure to let you know.

Washington and the Riddle of Peace. By H. G. Wells. $2.00.

To have astonished H. G. Wells is no mean achievement; but the calm, judicial Secretary Hughes did it with his "We propose to scrap—" The "correspondent extraordinary" says: "We were a little stunned . . . there was a feeling that we wanted to go away and think."

Twenty-nine papers make the book. In "The First Meeting," "The President at Arlington," and "The Other End of Pennsylvania Avenue" the author pays tribute to Harding. He writes of "The Future of Japan," "China in the Background," "Security—the New Catchword," "France in the Limelight," of India and of Korea, takes up the color problem in "Africa and the Association of Nations," and ends the last chapter, on "World Peace and Mankind," with these words:—

"I believe so firmly in this great World at Peace that lies so close to our own, ready to come into being as our will turns towards it, that I must needs go about this present world of disorder and darkness like an exile doing such feeble things as I can towards the world of my desire, now hopefully, now bitterly, as the moods may happen, until I die."

Lost Valley. By Katharine Fullerton Gerould. $2.00.

Lost Valley is a garden spot left desolate, for Youth has followed the Gleam, which has led them far.

Madge Lockerby, a lovely girl, is held there by her demented grandmother, her uncle Andrew and her half-sister Lola, who is growing into womanhood but has the mind of a child behind the beautiful face of an early-Italian Madonna.

An itinerant organ-grinder comes through the Valley, and Lola is so captivated by the monkey, Taddeo, that next morning she runs away. Madge's search for her leads first to her good friend Miss Martin in Siloam, then on and on—the Italian quarter in Boston, where through settlement workers she gets track of her just too late, the Chinese quarter in New York, the studio of Arthur Burton, who has made a picture of her that speaks, and at last a hospital.

By and by Madge goes back to the Valley, and Happiness treads close behind her. We leave her about to sail for South America and a new life.

Russia as Seen from the American Embassy. By David Francis. $3.50.

At this time of the year we catch up with serious books that have waited months for us; and one of the group is a study of Russia, that mysterious land of former magnificence and misery.

Mr. Francis was United States Ambassador to Russia from 1916 to 1918, under the Czar and the Revolutionists; and the events of that terrible time are here set forth as seen through American eyes.

And now the country is governed by a peasant, whose wife rules over her household and fifty-four villages—a queendom in her own right—and has been perfectly described by an American girl as "the best next-door neighbor in Russia." Truth is indeed stranger than fiction!

Chimney Smoke. By Christopher Morley. Illustrated. $2.50.

This lovable volume of "lyrics for households of two or more" gets its name from the lines—

"And of all man's felicities
The very subtlest one, say I,
Is when, for the first time, he sees
His hearthfire smoke against the sky."

And Mr. Fogarty has made a picture full of charm and peace to go opposite that poem and for the lining-pages, which are the "How-do-you-do" and "Good-by" of a book.

There are many delightful poems such as we have learned to expect from Mr. Morley, some of them reprinted from previous volumes and others new. Here is just one, To a Grandmother:

"At six o'clock in the evening,
The time for lullabies,
My son lay on my mother's lap
With sleepy, sleepy eyes!
(O drowsy little manny boy,
With sleepy, sleepy, eyes!)

"I heard her sing, and rock him,
And the creak of the swaying chair,
And the old dear cadence of the words
Came softly down the stair.

"And all the years had vanished,
All folly, greed and stain—
The old, old song, the creaking chair,
The dearest arms again!
(O lucky little manny boy,
(To feel those arms again!)"

The W. N. M. A.

Conducted by Miss Susan M. Andrews, 176 Newbury St,, Boston, Mass.

INTERDENOMINATIONAL DAY OF PRAYER

The Interdenominational Day of Prayer, appointed for March 3, 1922, should be recognized by Christian women everywhere, not only as an obligation upon them for attendance and participation, but as an opportunity for uplift and spiritual refreshing. Personal, private prayer in one's home for God's blessing upon women united in endeavors to hasten the coming of the Gospel into the hearts and lives of all God's children, should be earnestly and reverently offered in all faith, believing that all things are possible to Him whom we love and serve. In every church where public session is held women should answer the "Call to Prayer," and wait for the descent of the Holy Spirit that they may be endued with power from on High for the fulfilment of their petitions.

In Boston, at the chapel of the New Old South Church, the meeting will be held from 2 to 4 p. m. Mrs. Henry W. Peabody will preside. Addresses will be given as follows: "Christian Literature for Women and Children in Mission Fields," Miss Clementina Butler. "Women's Union Christian Colleges in the Orient," Mrs. Cornelius H. Patton. "Work Among the Students of Boston," Mrs. Katherine Osborne. "The Clara Barton Guilds," Miss Susan M. Andrews. "Period of Intercession," Miss Eva D. Corey.

The program will be inspiring and informing, and it is most earnestly urged that our Universalist women respond in large numbers and consecrate these hours of prayer and exhortation as suggested by the interdenominational committee, that a greater spirit of co-operation and unity may pervade all Christian endeavor everywhere, that a keener sense of responsibility may challenge the Churches everywhere to meet with wisdom and vision the world's unrest, and that all committees and leaders of the day's program may be so filled with the spirit and power of Christ, that those not interested may be awakened, and that young women particularly may catch a vision and hear a call that shall make them eager for Christian service in definite lines of work. Especially are members of our Women's Universalist Missionary Society of Massachusetts affectionately entreated to attend this "Day of Prayer and Praise for Missions." Remember the date—Friday, March 3, 1922, from 2 to 4 p. m., at the chapel of the New Old South Church, Boylston and Dartmouth Streets, Boston.

Grace F. White, President.

* *

CLARA BARTON GUILD RALLY

On Saturday afternoon, Jan. 28, a Clara Barton Guild Rally was held at the Girls' City Club, Boston. Representatives from Guilds in Massachusetts and Rhode Island —about seventy-five—were present, and the meeting was one of vital interest to all.

Mkss Pearl Wong, a young Chinese woman who has received her degree from Ohio Weslyan University and is now taking graduate work at Boston University, spoke on China and its place among the nations to-day. She laid special emphasis upon the great forward movement among her people in the matter of the education of women and pointed out the evil effect when not directed by Christian influence.

Mrs. John Tweedy, a member of the Clara Barton Universalist Memorial Committee, told of the progress of the work at the birthplace to date, also something of the hopes and plans for its future.

An opportunity to become acquainted and to exchange Guild ideas was afforded in the half hour which followed the program, when tea was served in the "Chimney Corner." Requests were heard on all sides for another such meeting in the near future. It is hoped that in other localities where two or three Guilds are near by a similar plan may be carried out.

Sunday School Search Lights

The address of the General Sunday School Association of the Universalist Church is 176 Newbury Street, Boston, Mass.

HOW TO MAKE EASTER COUNT IN THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

1. Begin at least six weeks in advance. All teachers should be instructed to make the lessons during Lent lead up to the Easter thought. If the required lessons have no bearing on this most significant season of the church year, freedom should be granted to omit or abbreviate so that the meaning of the season may be taught.

2. Opening services may be prepared with the Easter thought in mind. All through Lent, hymns and scripture should retell the story of Christ risen from the dead, and emphasize the idea of transformed life.

3. Make an early selection of material for the Easter service. Consult files of the *Universalist Leader* for material. Send for the program of 1920, if your school has not used it. Arranged by Mrs. Attwood, it is just as good as when issued.

4. The following new material is recommended:

An Easter Program for Universalist Sunday Schools. Published by the General Sunday School Association. A simple program of scripture, stories, poems, and hymns. Will be sent to all ministers and superintendents and to others on application.

An Easter Pageant of Peace, arranged by Mrs. Stella Marek Cushing, twenty-five cents from the Universalist Publishing House. Consists of three episodes with a prologue, two interludes, and an epilogue. Most effective. Requires from twenty-five to thirty participants. The music is simple hymns. Certain parts can be used separately, if desired. The three episodes and the epilogue would make a simple and effective scripture program which could be given with the hymns without the other sections.

An Easter Pageant in *"Garments of Praise,"* by Florence Converse. Price $2. The book contains three other pageants. The one for Easter is strongly endorsed by Mrs. Cushing.

Good Easter stories in the *Universalist Leader* for April 3, 1920, March 5 and 26, 1921; March 4, 1922.

* *

ABOUT EASTER

Very soon we shall send out leaflets informing our schools of what we have to give away for Easter and of what the Publishing House and others have to sell.

We shall recommend especially the new pageant prepared by Mrs. Stella Marek Cushing, which can be secured in manuscript form from the Publishing House for fifteen cents per copy.

* *

HOW PARISHES GROW

The Fitchburg, Massachusetts, parish gained thirty-five new families last year—twenty-eight of which came through the Sunday school. Thus comes success.

* *

COMRADES OF THE QUIET HOUR

How often we must meet the questions of our boys and girls! How we long to be able to give a reason for the hope that is in us. At such times it is a help if we know our Bibles well, for we may often point to a verse that has been an anchor to us in a storm or a guide to action. Daily reading of the Bible yields in time wonderful fruits. The signing of the little Comrades card with its expressed intention to read the Bible every day, proves a great help to many people to form this habit. That is why the General Sunday School Association is asking every teacher and officer to enroll.

Beulah S. Cone.

176 *Newbury St., Boston.*

* *

GOOD MUSIC FOR GOOD SCHOOLS

If your pianist is not the best, choose simple hymns a week in advance. Perhaps your church organist will assist in the opening service, or else give helpful suggestions to your pianist. A pianist needs rhythm as much in playing hymns as in playing other music.

Stella Marek Cushing.

Arlington, Mass.

Young People's Christian Union

DIRECTOR'S DATES

Feb. 26, Cincinnati, O.
Feb. 27, Cuba, O.
March 1, Belpre, O.
March 12, evening, Marlboro, Mass.
March 19, North Shore Rally, Lynn, Mass.
April 28-30, District Conference, Clinton, N. C.

* *

Y. P. C. U. ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

Who?

Every one who has ever been a member of the Y. P. C. U.

Purpose

The purpose of the Alumni Association is to provide fellowship among former members of the Union; and an easy and natural means of co-operation with Unions and Unioners of to-day. They need the support and encouragement of the older people in the church who are experienced in Y. P. C. U. work, to whom they may go for advice and help.

The National and State Union need the help of those who know what the Y. P. C. U. has done and can do, helping it to reach the young people of every parish and to train them in the work of Christ and his Church.

We need you. Will you help?

Annual dues of one dollar a year, payable to the secretary of the Association, entitle each member to a year's subscription to *Onward*.

We will gladly help you organize a local chapter, or enroll yourself.

Do it now. We need you.

Tillie Leonard Winslow,
Secretary.

501 *Pawling Ave., Troy, N. Y.*

The General Convention Trustees

At the meeting held in New York City in January, the resolution regarding the Y. P. C. U. Alumni Association, referred to them by the Detroit Convention, was approved by the General Convention Board of Trustees. Until this action was taken, no effort could be made to enroll former members of the Union in the Association, or to organize local chapters.

Now it can be done.

Let's do it.

The Machinery of the Association

In making plans for and launching the Y. P. C. U. Alumni Association, every effort has been made to keep the machinery of the organization as simple as possible, for there has been a desire only to perpetuate a fellowship and to strengthen the work of the existing denominational bodies, particularly the Y. P. C. U.

This two-fold purpose has determined the machinery necessary. The head of the Association is the secretary, Mrs. Tillie Leonard Winslow, a former member of the Massachusetts State Board and an active worker in local, state and national Unions. To her are sent all applications for membership and the annual dues of $1.00.

Each member of the Association receives *Onward*, which, through the publication of Alumni Notes and an occasional Alumni Number, will keep members informed of what the Association and its members are doing, and, through its regular departments, in touch with the work of the active Union.

In many churches local chapters of the Association will be formed, and will be entirely self-governing. They will meet as frequently or infrequently as local needs and desires may suggest, their sole purpose being to continue the fellowship of Christian Union days, to keep the Y. P. C. U. spirit alive in the Church, and to assist the active Union whenever and wherever its help is required. At least an annual banquet of each local chapter is suggested, and an occasional "Alumni Night" at either a social or devotional meeting of the active Union.

Further information and suggestions may be obtained either from the Secretary or from

Stanley Manning,
Director of Young People's Work.

* *

Fill out this membership application blank and send to the secretary, Mrs. Tillie Leonard Winslow, 501 Pawling Ave., Troy, N. Y.

YOUNG PEOPLE'S CHRISTIAN UNION

Alumni Association—Application for Membership

Being desirous of continuing the association of my Y. P. C. U. days, and of helping the Y. P. C. U. in its work of training and inspiring the youth of the Church, I hereby apply for membership in the Alumni Association of the Young People's Christian Union, with the understanding that the attached annual membership fee of one dollar entitles me to a year's subscription to *Onward*.

Name . . . . . .
Address . . . . . .
Date . . . . . .

For the Quiet Hour

Let us learn to do everything as well as we can. That turns life into art. The least thing thoroughly well done becomes artistic. It is a fine art to walk perfectly well, to speak well, to use the right word and not the wrong one. Anything complete, rounded, full, exact, gives pleasure. Anything slovenly, slipshod, unfinished, is discouraging.

James Freeman Clarke.

"He who can not keep his temper or be self-sacrificing, cheerful, tender, attentive at home, will never be of any real and permanent use to God's poor abroad."

"The best things are nearest; breath in your nostrils, light in your eyes, flowers at your feet, duties at your hand, the path of God just before you. Then do not grasp at the stars, but do life's plain common work as it comes, certain that daily duties and daily bread are the sweetest things of life."

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still.
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's wants and will,
And meet them there. All worldly joys go less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

George Herbert.

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashion; to be worthy, not respectable; and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly, to listen to stars and birds, to babes and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never, in a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow up through the common, this is my symphony.

W. E. Channing.

I will fill this day with service and if there is anything left over that ought to be done, there will be plenty of time for it.

Emily Tolman.

A disease called "touchiness" is one of the gravest sources of restlessness in the world. Touchiness, when it becomes chronic, is a morbid condition of the inward disposition. It is self-love inflamed to the acute point, conceit *with a hair-trigger.* The cure is to become meek and lowly in heart while the old sensitiveness is becoming numb from want of use.

Henry Drummond.

The "poor in spirit" are simply the teachable, the receptive, the people who want help and are conscious of need. They do not think they "know it all." As any one thinks of his greatest blessings, the first of them must be this,—that somehow he has been open-minded to the good.

Francis G. Peabody.

"Love dwelling in a home means cheerfulness and hope and patience and understanding and unselfishness. Without these the very name of love is a mockery. A so-called Christian who makes home discordant and unhappy is an impostor."

Among Our Churches

Church News and Interests

DENOMINATIONAL CALENDAR

March 24. Massachusetts' Men's Banquet under auspices of the State Chapter of Universalist Comrades, at Boston City Club.

Conventions and other organizations desiring to be listed in this Calendar should send dates of special events to Rev. Roger F. Etz, Secretary, 176 Newbury St., Boston, Mass.

* *

CHURCH MEMBERS REPORTED IN 1922

Previously reported	75
Urbana, Ill.	6
Woonsocket, R. I.	8
Wyatt, W. Va.	2
Total	91

CHRISTENINGS

Previously reported, 10. Wyatt, W. Va., 1. Total, 11.

PERSONAL

Miss Ruth Woodis, who has done notable service for the Near East Relief in Harpoot and other parts of Turkey, has just reached her home in Worcester, Mass. She overstayed the term of her enlistment and at all times chose the most trying forms of labor. For much of the time she had charge of distributing food and clothing to several thousand orphans, and she had particular ministries to the rescued girls. The First Church and Sunday school of Worcester are justly proud of their representative in the East.

Illinois

Chicago, Redeemer.—Rev. L. B. Fisher, D. D., pastor. A new organization for the promotion of Applied Christianity, called the Good Shepherds, has been organized in this church. At Christmas time, its members gave out nine baskets of food and clothing. Two workers are devoting their entire time to the work, and George F. Magrady, city missionary, is president.

Urbana.—Rev. R. D. Cranmer, pastor. All departments of the church are in a healthy condition. Young People's Day was a great success. Two young men and two young women took part in the services. There were three fine addresses. After the service four young people joined the church, and the following Sunday two more members were added. The Women's Alliance gave a supper in co-operation with the Russian Illini Club of the University of Illinois, for the benefit of the suffering people in the famine district of Russia, and as a result $45 has been sent to the American Relief Association. With one exception all those taking part in the program were Russians, two of whom, Dr. and Mrs. M. I. Wolkoff, recently became members of this church. The Cradle Roll with an enthusiastic and consecrated superintendent is showing a surprising growth. A promotion day in this department is being arranged. We are postponing Laymen's Sunday observances one week in the absence of our great layman, Judge W. G. Spurgin.

Massachusetts

Haverhill.—Rev. Leroy W. Coons, D. D., pastor. Our church school has been showing increased attendance and membership this winter. We have just sent in $110 as our contribution for the Near East work. The school has voted to have a new songbook, Professor Smyth's Hymnal for American Youth. These books are to cost $75. The Friendship Club has contributed $35 toward this sum, and it also gave the last $8 of the amount raised for Armenia. In the contest between this school and the one in Lawrence, we have managed to keep just a little ahead. The annual parish meeting is only two months away and we expect to have the best record we have had for many years, for this year we adopted a budget system and have also conducted a very thorough every member canvass. We have had money in our treasury to meet all bills when due throughout the entire year. The budget includes $300 to our two Conventions and $200 to the Japan Mission. We are beginning to plan for the celebration of the establishment of the church, March 17, 1923. We intend to make the year 1923 one to be remembered as well as 1823.

North Weymouth.—Rev. Roger L. Marble, pastor. The annual meeting of the church was held this year for the first time in over twenty years, and a deep interest was manifested by the large number present. The parish is preparing for its annual meeting, greatly encouraged by the work of the past year and the bright prospects ahead. A new sign, with changeable letters, has been placed on the church and attracts much attention. The church school is having a campaign for attendance, although the regular attendance has averaged about eighty out of a membership of 114. The Y. P. C. U. has added a number of new members recently. On Jan. 29, the Union conducted the morning service, with Edgar Stiles in charge of the service, and Sterling W. Powell preaching the sermonette. In the evening the Union entertained the Christian Endeavor Society of the Congregational church, and the pastor held a special young people's communion service. The Y. P. C. U. presented "Princess Chrysanthemum," a Japanese operetta, on Feb. 7. The Men's Club, after being inactive for over a year, held a meeting Jan. 23, with thirty-five men present, at which five new members were taken in. Mr. Marble has been elected the first president of the recently organized Welfare Association, composed of representatives of about thirty organizations in the town, including various societies connected with Protestant churches, several fraternal orders, Catholic as well as general, and relief and social organizations. The selectman of the ward is first vice-president; a Knight of Columbus second vice-president; Marion L. Fisher of our church, secretary; and a Congregationalist, treasurer. The objective of the society is relief of all who are in need, and the establishment of a community center.

New York

Middleville.—Rev. A. D. Lindsay, pastor. The Ladies' Aid has earned a larger sum of money than usual during the past year, and in every branch of church work they have been interested and busy. For the present they have given up sewing at their weekly meetings, and are enjoying some fine musical and literary programs, in which they are assisted by their pastor, who himself is a talented singer. On Jan. 19, Mrs. Lindsay was hostess, when at the close of the program a memorial service was held for Mrs. Irene I. Ford, whose death caused a vacancy in this society which can never be filled. Mrs. D. E. Ford was hostess on Jan. 26, and served a surprise luncheon to the society in celebration of the birthdays of the pastor and his wife which came on Jan. 28 and 29.

Ohio

Columbus.—Rev. Charles A. Alden, pastor. The officers and members of the church are so happy in getting into their new church home, on Sixteenth Ave., (less than three blocks from Ohio State University), that they know not how either to contain or express themselves. The dedication services packed the house. Arthur Nash gave the address: "Where the Golden Rule Rules." The parish meeting brought out 125 people—at least fifty more than at any other parish meeting for about thirty years. Twelve new members were received that night and two more have joined since. The women of the Alliance are doubling their already splendid efforts. Fifty men are already members of the Comrades. They have taken on the Sunday evening services which began Feb. 5. Community singing is directed by one of their own members. Then an address is given by some leading citizen. The series was opened by an address on "Community Service" by James T. Daniels, secretary of the Columbus Chamber of Commerce. The address of Feb. 12 was delivered by Hon. J. J. Thomas, mayor of the city. Feb. 19 Comrades Jameson, DeMoss, and Senn, who heralded the drive, were the speakers. The Comrades not only have their own reception committee and ushers on Sunday evening, but furnish the ushers for the morning services. All the seven auxiliaries are co-operating in the finest spirit. One new feature which is interesting many of our people is the appearance on the first Sunday of each

month of an assistant pastor in the pulpit from the Junior Y. P. C. U., who reads the scripture lesson. The members take turns in reading this lesson, which has been previously selected by the pastor, in their own meeting. Then the members choose by voting the one they think read the passage best and that one reads it in the church service of the first Sunday of the following month. The members of the Junior Union attend church service for the opening exercises on that Sunday. This has been tried for four months now and the four readers have shown careful preparation and have acquitted themselves most creditably. We are working under new conditions, being now in a residential section of the city rather than as in previous days doing a down-town work. Our emphasis on community service is interesting quite a number of new people. We expect good results from the intensive work of the Comrades. We would like to hear from any other parish where the Comrades run a service of their own every Sunday in addition to their regular bi-weekly meeting on a week-day night and to exchange experiences for mutual benefit.

Vermont

Brattleboro.—Rev. E. P. Wood, pastor. The Sunday school continues to have excellent attendance. Mr. C. V. Grant has been elected superintendent. At the annual parish meeting, F. R. Vaughan was elected president, E. E. Barber, clerk; C. L. Stickney, treasurer; V. H. Winchester, collector; C. G. Staples, auditor; and Freeman Scott, H. R. Brown, and W. D. Gilson, trustees. Recent every member canvasses resulted in the largest subscription for years. Church attendance is steadily increasing. Much credit is due Mr. Vaughan and his associates for the excellent management of parish affairs. On Jan. 26, the Ladies' Circle held a Fair of Nations. A supper was served, and the entertainment in the evening consisted of songs and dances of the different nations, followed by dancing in general. About $600 was netted.

Wisconsin

Wausau.—Rev. W. J. Taylor, pastor. The Ladies' Aid recently held its annual meeting, recording thirty-eight meetings during the year, with an average attendance of forty. The society serves luncheons to the Rotarians every two weeks, and holds meetings every Wednesday. The annual sale, Jan. 1, brought in about $1700, and the treasurer has had $5,454 during the year. There is a balance of $1,476 in treasury. Miss Jennie Lois Ellis is doing fine work with the children and young people.

* *

NEWS FROM WEST VIRGINIA

On Feb. 8, Rev. W. R. Rowland was in Wyatt. Owing to the fact that the United Brethren and the Methodists were holding an old-time revival of the exciting kind, no meeting was advertised at the church, but a service was held at the Community House of the Consolidated Coal Company, when two members, Mr. and Mrs. William R. Keane, were received into the church, and their little boy was christened. Dr. Rowland is to return in March for some lectures at the Community House, an address before the Labor Union, and evening services at the church.

Several Universalists were interviewed in Clarksburg and Fairmount and other places, and there is a group of Universalists at Parkersburg.

The West Virginia Conference is working for church extension in the state, and is asking all the aid it can get.

The church at Fork Ridge is in excellent condition.

* *

MAINE STATE CHAPTER OF COMRADES

The Comrades of the Maine State Chapter held their annual meeting Jan. 27. Judged by the ambitious program there and then launched, the Maine Comrades will be rather more than busy for some time to come. In the enforced absence of the president, Lewis L. Peck, who was at the time in the hospital, the vice-president, Robert L. Whitcomb, was in charge of the program, and as a special tribute to Mr. Peck, everything that was known to have been aspired to by that most energetic leader was unanimously adopted. In the carrying out of this progressive list of important objectives, the Chapter has an opportunity for service that must appeal to every live man in the organization. A summary of the activities is as follows: Membership Drive—goal 1500 Comrades in Maine before May 1; committee to enlist lay speakers to fill empty pulpits and to speak at special church and Comrades Drives; committee to work for new men for the ministry; enlistment of Y. P. C. U. and Sunday school young men to join local chapters; committee to work for subscribers for the *Leader* and the *Banner*; support in every way possible of the big objectives of our Church as outlined at the Detroit Convention, including the Memorial Church at Washington and the Perin-Cate Students Home in Tokyo. A recommendation was adopted to advise the Secretary of the General Convention, that the $1000 pledged by the Chapter for the Washington church is only the beginning of their efforts to fulfil Maine's State motto, "*Dirigo*."

The officers elected were the ones who served during 1921 and the feeling was that they were just getting a flying start for a banner year's work.

In the evening a superb banquet was served in the Congress Square Hotel to a large number. Addresses were delivered by Ralph W. E. Hunt, Rev. Lee S. McCollester, D. D., Rev. Harold Marshall, D. D., and Rev. James F. Albion, D. D., whose messages made their hearers feel that beginning the next day they would get busy and do things.

UNIVERSALIST CLUB

At the meeting and dinner of the Boston Universalist Club at Hotel Bellevue, Feb. 13, Dr. D. H. Clinton Hay, president of the New Church Club, and Mr. John F. Moors were the speakers. Dr. Hay stressed the need of brotherhood and the social teachings of Jesus in the world, and Mr. Moors pointed out the danger of inaccuracy either of the spoken or the written word in a democracy which depends on the intelligence of the average man.

An interesting letter was read by the secretary from Rev. Hazel I. Kirk, missionary in Japan. The president of the club, William R. Thomson, presided.

* *

INTERDENOMINATIONAL DAY OF PRAYER

An Interdenominational Day of Prayer and Praise for Missions will be held in the chapel of the Old South Church, Boston, from two to four p. m., Friday, March 3, Mrs. Henry W. Peabody presiding. Addresses will be given as follows:

"Christian Literature for Women and Children in Mission Fields," Miss Clementina Butler. "Women's Union Christian Colleges in the Orient," Mrs. Cornelius H. Patton. "Work among the Students of Boston," Mrs. Katherine Osborne. "The Clara Barton Guilds," Miss Susan M. Andrews. "Period of Intercession," Miss Eva D. Corey.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS MEN

Save Friday evening, March 24, for the big Massachusetts Men's Banquet to be held at the Boston City Club. Good eats, good speakers, good music, good fellowship, 'n' everything.

Put this date on your Church Calendar for March.

* *

MASSACHUSETTS W. U. M. S.

The Massachusetts W. U. M. S. held a public meeting at Lawrence Jan. 31, 1922. A most gracious welcome was extended by the Lawrence and Methuen Circles, and a gratifyingly large number were present to enjoy the splendid program.

A unique feature was Miss Macduff's address, "Lest We Forget," in which she brought to mind our missionaries past and present. This was made more impressive by a Candle Light Service, Miss Macduff lighting a candle for each one as their names were mentioned.

A delicious luncheon was served at noon by the Florentia Club of the Lawrence Church.

A. Louise Barker,
Recording Secretary.

LYMAN WARD

Of Camp Hill (Alabama) School

Will be in Boston and vicinity the last two weeks in March. Mr. Ward will be available for addresses or consultation. Address Camp Hill, Alabama, till March 15th. Afterward, Young's Hotel, Boston.

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and

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79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.

MASSACHUSETTS STATE CONVENTION

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